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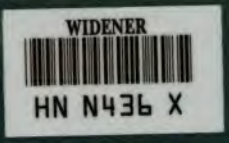

Two Voices

Poems of the Mountains and the Sea

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THE TWO VOICES

POEMS OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA

SELECTED BY

JOHN W. CHADWICK

AUTHOR OF "A BOOK OF POEMS," "IN NAZARETH TOWN," ETC., ETC.

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty Voice.
—WORDSWORTH

TROY, N. Y.
H. B. NIMS & COMPANY
1886

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TROW'S
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NEW YORK.

WHY THESE?

The most because I long have loved them well,
So well that they are grown a part for me
Of mountain splendor and the mobile sea;
Which are most God's, in sooth, I cannot tell;
And yet I have foregone as dear as these,
With pain, because I could not take them all
In my small craft, lest some mischance befall.
But why have kept some that so widely please—
Best known of all? Because I loved them so
That sink or swim I could not let them go.
But some are here—perchance a graver sin—
Whose name and fame as yet are all to win;
And some because the friends who love me best
Said, for our sakes, be thine among the rest.

J. W. C.

NOTE.—My thanks are due and are herewith expressed to many publishers and authors for the use of their publications and their poems, and especially to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., to whom, as the publishers of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Thoreau, Celia Thaxter, Aldrich, and others, I am deeply indebted.

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THE TWO VOICES.

LETTERS.

EVERY day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking sea-ward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.

R. W. Emerson.

A NEW DAY.

ACROSS a thousand leagues of land
The mighty sun looks free,
And in their fringe of rock or sand
A thousand leagues of sea.
Lo! I, in this majestic room,
As real as the sun,
Inherit this day and its doom
Eternally begun.
A world of men the rays illume,
God's men, and I am one.
But life that is not pure and bold
Doth tarnish every morning's gold.

W. Allingham.

NOT ONLY.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."
Wordsworth.

NOT only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie:
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

J. R. Lowell.

IN THE COUNTRY.

TO one who has been long in city pent
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel, an eye

Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by,
Even like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

John Keats.

A SUMMER LONGING.

I MUST away to wooded hills and vales,
Where broad, slow streams flow cool and silently,
And idle barges flap their listless sails.
For me the summer sunset glows and pales,
And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;
I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;
And Nature's voices say in mystic words,
"The green fields wait for thee."

I dream of uplands where the primrose shines,
And waves her yellow lamps above the lea;
Of tangled copses swung with trailing vines;
Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,
Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I
May lie and listen to the distant sea,
Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,
Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry,
In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find
The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,
While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,
While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,
And green fields wait for me.

George Arnold.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

THIS willow is as old to me as life;
And under it full often have I stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore,
Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,
Or was transfused in something to which thought
Is coarse, and dull of sense. Myself was lost,
Gone from me like an ache; and what remained
Became a part of the universal joy.
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,
Danced in the leaves; or, floating in the cloud,
Saw its white double in the stream below;
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,
Dilated in the broad blue over all.
I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,
The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air:
The life that gladdened everything was mine.

J. R. Lowell.

WHAT JUBAL SAW.

HE took a raft, and travelled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.
And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain ; yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But, whereso'er he rose, the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Naught but a wider earth ; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore :
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.
He thought, " The world is great, but I am weak ;
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing, but, instead, this main
Like myriad maddened horses thundering o'er the plain."

George Eliot.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime :
Time's self it is made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end. Our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet which is death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Lost utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods ;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee.
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
And listen at its lips : they sigh
The same desire and mystery,

The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

D. G. Rossetti.

THE FISHER-BOY.

MY life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go:
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach;
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse;
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view:
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

H. D. Thoreau.

"THE HILLS OF THE LORD."

GOD ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all aleap!

But that is the mountains' secret
Age-hidden in their breast:
"God's peace is everlasting"
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings on them;
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them—
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He has woven the zones together
As a robe for His risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
  Nests for His flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
  Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tirèd cities
  Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
  As He passes by all day.

And lo! I have caught their secret,
  The beauty deeper than all!
This faith—that life's hard moments,
  When its jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing His mountains:
  And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness
  And His peace everlasting to me.

W. C. Gannett.

PARTING AT MORNING.

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
  And the sun looked over the mountain's rim,
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

R. Browning.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS HIGH.

WHAT shall I see if I ever go
Over the mountains high?
Now I can see but the peaks of snow,
Crowning the cliffs where the pine-trees grow,
Waiting and longing to rise
Nearer the beckoning skies.

The eagle is rising far away
Over the mountains high;
Rowing along in the radiant day,
With mighty strokes, to his distant prey:
Where he will, swooping downward;
Where he will, sailing onward.

Apple-tree, longest thou not to go
Over the mountains high?
Gladly thou growest in summer's glow;
Patiently waitest through winter's snow;
Though birds on thy branches swing
Thou knowest not what they sing.

Birds, with your chattering, why did ye come
Over the mountains high?
Beyond, in a sunnier land, ye could roam,
And nearer to heaven could build your home:
Why have ye come to bring
Longing, without your wing?

Shall I, then, never, never flee
Over the mountains high?
Rocky walls, will ye always be
Prisons, until ye are tombs, for me—
Until I lie at your feet,
Wrapped in my winding-sheet?

Away! I will away, far away,
Over the mountains high:
Here I am sinking lower each day,
Though my spirit has chosen the loftiest way:
Let her in freedom fly,
Not beat on the walls and die!

Once, I know, I shall journey far,
Over the mountains high.
Lord, is thy door already ajar?
Dear is the home where my loved ones are;
But bar it a while from me,
And help me to long for thee.

B. Bjornson.

FROM "APPLEDORE."

EASTWARD as far as the eye can see,
Still eastward, eastward endlessly,
The sparkle and tremor of purple sea
That rises before you, a flickering hill,
On and on to the shut of the sky;
And, beyond, you fancy it sloping until
The same multitudinous throb and thrill

That vibrate under your dizzy eye,
In ripples of orange and pink, are sent
Where the poppied sails doze on the yard,
And the clumsy junk and proa lie,
Sunk deep with precious woods and nard,
'Mid the palmy isles of the Orient.
Those leaning towers of clouded white,
On the farthest brink of doubtful ocean,
That shorten and shorten out of sight,
Yet seem on the self-same spot to stay,
Receding with a motionless motion,
Fading to dubious films of gray,
Lost, dimly found, then vanished wholly,
Will rise again, the great world under,
First films, then towers, then high-heaped clouds,
Whose nearing outlines sharpen slowly
Into tall ships with cobweb shrouds,
That fill long Mongol eyes with wonder,
Crushing the violet wave to spray,
Past some low headland of Cathay :
What was that sigh that seemed so near,
Chilling your fancy to the core ?
'Tis only the sad old sea you hear,
That seems to seek for evermore
Something it cannot find, and so,
Sighing, seeks on, and tells its woe
To the pitiless breakers of Appledore.

J. R. Lowell.

FROM "PARACELSUS."

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride."

OVER the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave,
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—
A gallant armament:
Each bark built out of a forest tree,
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with black-bull hides,
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,
To bear the playful billows' game.
So each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to the outward view,
But each upbore a stately tent;
Where cedar pales in scented row
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine:
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noon-tide, nor star-shine,
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,
Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,

Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the strangers from afar,
    Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent,
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
    And, with light and perfume, music too :
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast !

One morn the land appeared ! a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky.
" Avoid it," cried our pilot, " check
    The shout, restrain the longing eye ! "
But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;
So we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
    And a statue bright was on every deck !
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus,
With pomp and pæan glorious.
An hundred shapes of lucid stone !
    All day we built a shrine for each—
A shrine of rock for every one—
Nor paused we, till in the westering sun
    We sate together on the beach

To sing, because our task was done ;
When lo ! what shouts and merry songs !
What laughter all the distance stirs !
What raft comes loaded with its throngs
Of gentle islanders ?
" The isles are just at hand," they cried ;
" Like cloudlets faint at even sleeping,
Our temple-gates are opened wide,
Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
For the lucid shapes you bring," they cried.
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream ; we knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
To which we had flung our precious freight :
Yet we called out, " Depart !
Our gifts, once given, must here abide :
Our work is done ; we have no heart
To mar our work, though vain," we cried.

R. Browning.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt me,
As I gaze upon the sea !
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Would'st thou," so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

H. W. Longfellow.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me—how can I help England?" say
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent, over Africa.

R. Browning.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago ;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails, and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low—flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed
From me, sailing round the world ;
And I've said, " I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasure that they hold—
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold ;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail—as they sail.

Ah ! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport ;
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall—rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights, for many years,
Till I've turned, heart-sick, away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will like to see
Your proud ships come home from sea,
One and all—one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope nor courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy then all I need—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything—except a heart.
That is lost—that is lost!

Once when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle crossed my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Evermore—evermore.

Barry Gray.

THE MOUNTAINS.

WITH frontier strength ye stand your ground,
With grand content ye circle round,
Tumultuous silence for all sound,
Ye distant nursery of rills,
Monadnock, and the Peterboro' hills ;
Like some vast fleet
Sailing through rain and sleet,
Through winter's cold and summer's heat ;
Still holding on, upon your high emprise,
Until ye find a shore amid the skies ;
Not skulking close to land,
With cargo contraband ;
For they who sent a venture out by ye
Have set the sun to see
Their honesty.
Ships of the line, each one,
Ye to the westward run,
Always before the gale,
Under a press of sail,
With weight of metal all untold ;
I seem to feel ye, in my firm seat here—
Immeasurable depth of hold,
And breadth of beam, and length of running gear.

Methinks ye take luxurious pleasure
In your novel western leisure ;
So cool your brows and freshly blue,
As Time had naught for ye to do ;

For ye lie at your length,
An unappropriated strength,
Unhewn primeval timber
For knees so stiff, for masts so limber ;
The stock of which new earths are made,
One day to be our western trade,
Fit for the stanchions of a world
Which through the seas of space is hurled.

While we enjoy a lingering ray,
Ye still o'ertop the western day,
Reposing yonder on God's croft,
Like solid stacks of hay.
Edged with silver and with gold,
The clouds hang o'er in damask fold,
And with such depth of amber light
The west is dight,
Where still a few rays slant,
That even heaven seems extravagant.
On the earth's edge mountains and trees
Stand as they were on air graven,
Or as the vessels in a haven
Await the morning breeze.
I fancy even
Through your defiles windeth the way to heaven ;
And yonder still, in spite of history's page,
Linger the golden and the silver age ;
Upon the laboring gale
The news of future centuries is brought,
And of new dynasties of thought,
From your remotest vale.

But special I remember thee,
Wachusett, who like me
Standest alone without society.
Thy far blue eye,
A remnant of the sky,
Seen through the clearing or the gorge,
Or from the windows of the forge,
Doth leaven all it passes by.
Nothing is true,
But stands 'tween me and you,
Thou western pioneer,
Who know'st not shame nor fear,
By venturous spirit driven,
Under the eaves of heaven,
And can'st expand thee there,
And breathe enough of air ;
Upholding heaven, holding down earth,
Thy pastime from thy birth,
Not steadied by the one, nor leaning on the other ;
May I approve myself thy worthy brother !

H. D. Thoreau.

THALATTA.

THALATTA ! Thalatta !
I greet thee, thou Ocean eternal !
I give thee ten thousand times greeting,
With heart all exulting,
As, ages since, hailed thee
Those ten thousand Greek hearts,
Fate-conquering, home-yearning,
World-renowned Greek hearts.

The billows were rolling,
Were rolling and roaring,
The sun poured downward incessant,
The flickering rose-lights ;
Affrighted, the flocks of the sea-mews
Fluttered away, loud-screaming ;
The steeds were stamping, the shields were clanging,
And far, like a shout of victory, echoed
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thou Ocean eternal, I greet thee !
Like the tongue of my home is the dash of thy waters !
Like dreams of my childhood now sparkle before me
All the wide curving waves of thy rolling dominions.
I hear, as told newly, the old recollections
Of the trifles I loved in the days of my boyhood,
Of the bright gifts that glittered at Christmas ;—
Of the scarlet branches of coral,
Of the gold fish, the pearls, and gay sea-shells,
Of all that thou guardest in secret
Below in thy houses of crystal !

Oh ! how have I languished,
A-weary in exile !
Like a poor faded flower shut up in an herbal
Lay my heart in my bosom ;
'Tis as if I had sat through the winter
A sick man shut up in my chamber,
And now I had suddenly left it,—
And dazzlingly glitters upon me

The emerald Spring, sun awakened!
On the trees are the white blossoms rustling,
And the young flowers look up unto me,
With moist loving eyes full of beauty.
All is fragrance and murmurs and soft airs and laughter,
And in the blue heavens the birds are a-singing
Thalatta! Thalatta!

From the German of Heine.

THE VOYAGE.

WE left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fleeted to the South;
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail:
The Lady's head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale.
The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel,
And swept behind: so quick the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seem'd to sail into the sun!

How oft we saw the sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
And sleep beneath his pillar'd light!
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn!

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,
Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine
With ashy rains, that spreading made
Fantastic plume or sable pine;
By sands and steaming flats, and floods
Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
And hills and scarlet mingled woods
Glow'd for a moment as we passed.

O hundred shores of happy climes,
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark!
At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark;
At times a carven craft would shoot
From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

For one fair vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we follow'd where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.

Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixt upon the far sea-line ;
But each man murmur'd " O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine."

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
Like Fancy made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
Like Virtue firm, like knowledge fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst
Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea,
And now, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of Liberty.

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn ;
We loved the glories of the world,
But laws of nature were our scorn ;
For blasts would rise and rave and cease,
But whence were those that drove the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
And to and thro' the counter gale ?

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we followed where she led :
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead.
But blind or lame or sick or sound
We follow that which flies before :
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.

Tennyson.

COLUMBUS.

TRUST to the guiding god, follow the silent sea;
Were shore not yet there, 'twould now arise
from the wave;
For Nature is to Genius linked eternally,
And ever will perform the promise Genius gave.

Schiller.

COLUMBUS.

THE cordage creaks and rattles in the wind,
With freaks of sudden hush; the reeling sea
Now thumps like solid rock beneath the stern,
Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes short, and
falling
Crumbled to whispery foam, slips rustling down
The broad backs of the waves, which jostle and
crowd
To fling themselves upon that unknown shore,
Their used familiar since the dawn of time,
Whither this foredoomed life is guided on
To sway on triumph's hushed, aspiring poise
One glittering moment, then to break fulfilled.

How lonely is the sea's perpetual swing,
The melancholy wash of endless waves,
The sigh of some grim monster undescried,
Fear-painted on the canvas of the dark,
Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine!
Yet night brings more companions than the day

To this drear waste ; new constellations burn,
And fairer stars, with whose calm height my soul
Finds nearer sympathy than with my herd
Of earthen souls, whose vision's scanty ring
Makes me its prisoner to beat my wings
Against the cold bars of their unbelief,
Knowing in vain my own free heaven beyond.

. . . . . .

But to the spirit select there is no choice ;
He cannot say, This will I do, or that,
For the cheap means putting Heaven's ends in pawn,
And bartering his bleak rocks, the freehold stern
Of destiny's first born, for smoother fields
That yield no crop of self-denying will ;
A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
Which grasping without question, he is led
Where there is work that he must do for God.
The trial still is the strength's complement,
And the uncertain, dizzy path that scales
The sheer heights of supremest purposes
Is steeper to the angel than the child.
Chances have laws as fixed as planets have,
And disappointment's dry and bitter root,
Envy's harsh berries, and the choking pool
Of the world's scorn, are the right mother milk
To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind,
And break a pathway to those unknown realms
That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled ;
Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts ;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world

Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe,—
One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

Thus ever seems it when my soul can hear
The voice that errs not; then my triumph gleams,
O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and all night
My heart flies on before me as I sail.

. . . . . .

And lo, with what clear omen in the east
On day's gray threshold stands the eager dawn,
Like young Leander rosy from the sea
Glowing at Hero's lattice!

One day more
These muttering shoalbrains leave the helm to me:
God, let me not in their dull ooze be stranded;
Let not this one frail bark, to hollow which
I have dug out the pith and sinewy heart
Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,
Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle off
His cheek-swollen mates, and from the leaning mast
Fortune's full sail strains forward!

One poor day!—
Remember whose, and not how short it is!
It is God's day, it is Columbus's.

A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.

J. R. Lowell.

COLUMBUS.

HOW, in God's name, did Columbus get over,
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,
Cabot, and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest.
Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came,
But, in great Heaven's name,
How *he* should ever think
That on the other brink
Of this wild waste terra firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man should hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew that there was another side;
But to suppose he should come any whither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
In spite of the motion
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion
That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end
He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, I must say, to me.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
None of them ever said, Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West, and the East will be found.
Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
From the San Salvador,
Sadder and wiser men
They'd have turned back again :
And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

A. H. Clough.

THE DISCOVERER.

I HAVE a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,—
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll ;
Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.
Suddenly in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,

And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command :
" Henceforth thou art a rover !
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time, no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound ?
Would that he might return !
Then should we learn,
From the pricking of his chart,
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush ! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside this severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl ?

Ah, no ! Not so !
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.

He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years ;
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from farther Indies brought ;
He knows perchance how spirits fare ;
What shapes the angels wear ;
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach ;
And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers told.

E. C. Stedman.

A CRY FROM THE SHORE.

COME down, ye graybeard mariners,
Unto the wasting shore !
The morning winds are up,—the gods
Bid me to dream no more.
Come, tell me whither I must sail,
What peril there may be,
Before I take my life in hand
And venture out to sea !

" We may not tell thee where to sail,
Nor what the dangers are ;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
Each hath a separate star :
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
And on the awful sea
What we have learned is ours alone ;
We may not tell it thee."

Come back, O ghostly mariners,
Ye who have gone before!
I dread the dark impetuous tides;
I dread the farther shore.
Tell me the secret of the waves;
Say what my fate shall be—
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,
And will not wait for me.

"Hail and farewell, O voyager!
Thyself must read the waves;
What we have learned of sun and storm
Lies with us in our graves:
What we have learned of sun and storm
Is ours alone to know.
The winds are blowing out to sea,
Take up thy life and go."

Ellen M. Hutchinson.

COME BACK.

COME back, come back, across the flying foam,
We hear faint far-off voices call us home;
Come back, ye seem to say; ye seek in vain;
We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither back or why?
To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try;
Walk the old fields; pace the familiar street;
Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither and for what?
To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe.
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back!
Back flies the foam; the hoisted flag streams back;
The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,
Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,
The strong ship follows its appointed way.

A. H. Clough.

PREFATORY SONNET TO "THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

THOSE that of late had flitted far and fast
To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
Have chartered this; where, mindful of the past,
Our true co-mates regather round the mast;
Of diverse tongue, but with a common will
Here in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast;
For some, descending from the sacred peak
Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued again
Their lot with ours to rove the world about;
And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
If any golden harbour be for men
In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

Tennyson.

MOUNTAIN-TOP.

I STAND on high,
Close to the sky,
Kissed by unsullied lips of light;
Fanned by soft airs
That seem like prayers
Floating to God through ether bright.

The emerald lands,
With love-clasped hands,
In smiling peace below outspread;
Around me rise
The amber skies,
A dome of glory o'er my head.

Wind-swept and bare
The fields of air
Give the weaned eagles room for play;
On mightier wing
My soul doth spring
To unseen summits far away.

C. G. Ames.

A DAY ON THE HILLS.

A DAY on the hills!—true king am I
In my solitude public to earth and sky:
Fret inhales not this atmosphere;
Wingèd thoughts only can follow here:

Folly and falsehood and babble stay
In the ground-smoke somewhere far away,
Let them greet and cheat
In the narrow street :
Who cares what all the newspapers say ?

W. Allingham.

SUNDAY ON THE HILL-TOP.

ONLY ten miles from the city,
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day.

All alone on the hill-top,
Nothing but God and me !
And the springtime's resurrection,
Far shinings of the sea,

The river's laugh in the valley,
Hills dreaming of their past,
And all things silently opening,—
Opening into the Vast.

Eternities past and future
Seem clinging to all I see,
And things immortal cluster
Around my bended knee.

That pebble is older than Adam ;
Secrets it hath to tell :
These rocks—they cry out history,
Could I but listen well.

That pool knows the ocean-feeling
Of storm and moon-led tide;
The sun finds its east and west therein,
And the stars find room to glide.

That lichen's crinkled circle
Still creeps with the Life Divine,
Where the Holy Spirit loitered
On its way to this face of mine,—

On its way to the shining faces
Where angel-lives are led,
Where I am the lichen's circle
That creeps with tiny tread.

I can hear these violets' chorus
To the sky's benediction above;
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I, I am a part of the poem;
Of its every sight and sound:
For my heart beats inward rhymings
To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh the peace at the heart of Nature!
Oh the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar forever,
When it cannot be lifted away?

W. C. Gannett.

NIRVANA.

ALONG the scholar's glowing page
I read the Orient thinker's dream
Of things that are not what they seem,—
Of mystic chant and Soma's rage.

The sunlight flooding all the room
To me again was Indra's smile,
And on the hearth the blazing pile
For Agni's sake did fret and fume.

Yet most I read of who aspire
To win Nirvana's deep repose,
Of that long way the Spirit goes
To reach the absence of desire.

But through the music of my book
Another music smote my ear—
A tinkle silver-sweet and clear—
The babble of the mountain-brook.

"Oh! leave," it said, "your ancient seers;
Come out into the woods with me;
Behold an older mystery
Than Buddhist's hope or Brahman's fears!"

The voice so sweet I could but hear;
I sallied forth, with staff in hand,
While, mile on mile, the mountain-land
Was radiant with the dying year.

I heard the startled partridge whirr,
And crinkling through the tender grass
I saw the stripèd adder pass,
Where dropped the chestnut's prickly burr.

I saw the miracle of life
From death upspringing evermore;
The fallen tree a forest bore
Of tiny forms with beauty rife.

I gathered mosses rare and sweet,
The acorn in its carven cup:
'Mid heaps of leaves, wind-gathered up,
I trod with half-remorseful feet.

The maple's blush I made my own,
The sumac's crimson splendor bold,
The poplar's hue of paly gold,
The faded chestnut, crisp and brown.

I climbed the mountain's shaggy crest,
Where masses huge of molten rock,
After long years of pain and shock,
Fern-covered, from their wanderings rest.

Far, far below the valley spread
Its rich, roof-dotted, wide expanse;
And further still the sunlight's dance
The amorous river gayly led.

But still, with all I heard or saw
There mingled thoughts of that old time,
And that enchanted eastern clime
Where Buddha gave his mystic law,—

Till, wearied with the lengthy way,
I found a spot where all was still,
Just as the sun behind the hill
Was making bright the parting day.

On either side the mountains stood,
Masses of color rich and warm;
And over them in giant form
The rosy moon serenely glowed.

My heart was full as it could hold;
The Buddha's paradise was mine;
My mountain-nook its inmost shrine,
The fretted sky its roof of gold.

Nirvana's peace my soul had found—
Absence complete of all desire—
While the great moon was mounting higher,
And deeper quiet breathed around.

J. W. Chadwick.

MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSETT.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake
Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
Of far-receding hills; and yet more far,
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.

Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachusett laid
His head against the West, whose warm light made
His aureole ; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching stayed,
A single level cloud-line, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
Menaced the darkness with its golden spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred :
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell ;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed ; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear ;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near ;
" Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look :
I love it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!"

The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,
Doubling the night along our rugged road :
We felt that man was more than his abode,—
The inward life than Nature's raiment more ;
And the warm sky, the sun-down tinted hill,
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim
Before the saintly soul whose human will
Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
Making her homely toil and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

J. G. Whittier.

THE CATHEDRAL.

SHELF over shelf the mountain rose ;
And, as we climbed, they seemed the stair
That scales a minster's wall to seek
Some high-hid cell of prayer.

And every stair was carpeted
With mosses soft of gray and green,
Where gold and crimson arabesques
Trailed in and out between.

Up, up, o'er ferny pavements still
And dim mosaics of the wood,
The rocky terraces we trod,
Till on the heights we stood.

About the ancient mountain-walls
The silent wildernesses clung ;
In solemn frescoes, moving slow,
The clouds their shadows flung.

Along the valley far below,
The shimmer of a forest-floor,—
A leafy brightness, like the sea
Wide twinkling o'er and o'er.

Niched in the mighty minster, we,
Beneath the dome of radiant blue :
Cathedral-hush on every side,
And worship breathing through !

There came wild music on the winds
The chanting of the forest choir
Shaken across the rangèd hills
As over a chorded lyre.

Then pauses as for quiet prayer ;
And lulls in which the listeners heard
Home-voices speak, and faces neared
Swifter than any bird.

Of Strength Eternal, by whose will
The hills their steadfast places keep,
Whose Right is like the mountains high,
Whose Judgments are a deep,—

In grand old Bible verse we spoke :
And following close, like echoes, sped
The poems best beloved. The words
Along the silence fled.

The Silence, awful living Word,
Behind all sound, behind all thought,
Whose speech is Nature-yet-to-be,
The Poem yet unwrought,

To us it spake within the soul,
Through sense all strangely blent with sense;
The vision took majestic rhythm—
We *heard* the firmaments!

And listened, time and space forgot,
As flowed the lesson for the day,—
"Order is Beauty; Law is Love;
Childlike his worlds obey."

And all the heaven seemed bending down
Above the shining earth's sweet face,
Till in our hearts they touched: we felt
The thrill of their embrace.

Then, in its peace, we wandered down
Our rocky stair-case from the height:
On dim mosaics of the wood
We met the climbing Night.

W. C. Gannett.

"IN THE HEART OF THINGS."

A TURN, and we stand in the heart of things;
The woods are round us, heaped and dim;
From slab to slab how it slips and springs,—
The thread of water single and slim,
Through the ravage some torrent brings!

Does it feed the little lake below?
That speck of white just on its marge
Is Pella; see, in the evening-glow
How sharp the silver spear-heads charge
When Alp meets Heaven in snow.

On our other side is the straight-up rock;
And a path is kept 'twixt the gorge and it
By boulder-stones, where lichens mock
The marks on a moth, and small ferns fit
Their teeth to the polished block.

And yonder, at foot of the fronting ridge
That takes the turn to a range beyond,
Is the chapel reached by the one-arched bridge
Where the water is stopped in a stagnant pond
Danced over by the midge.

Poor little place, where its one priest comes
On a festa-day, if he comes at all,
To the dozen folk from their scattered homes,
Gathered within that precinct small
By the dozen ways one roams.

And all day long a bird sings there,
And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at times;
The place is silent and aware;
It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
But that is its own affair.

Silent the crumbling bridge we cross,
And pity and praise the chapel sweet,
And care about the fresco's loss,
And wish for our souls a like retreat,
And wonder at the moss.

We stoop and look in through the grate,
See the little porch and rustic door,
Read duly the dead builder's date,
Then cross the bridge we crossed before,
Take the path again—but wait!

Oh moment, one and infinite!
The water slips o'er stock and stone;
The west is tender, hardly bright:
How gray at once is the evening grown
One star, the chrysolite!

We two stood there with never a third,
But each by each, as each knew well.
The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,
The lights and the shades made up a spell
Till the trouble grew and stirred.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!

A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast;
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life; we were mixed at last
In spite of the mortal screen.

The forests had done it; there they stood—
We caught for a second the powers at play;
They had mingled us so, for once and for good,
Their work was done—we might go or stay,
They relapsed to their ancient mood.

I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree.
So grew my own small life complete
As Nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, Sweet!

Robert Browning.

THE MOUNTAIN WIND.

THE mountain-wind!—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows. When in the sultry time
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime,
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

W. C. Bryant.

SEA-SHORE.

I HEARD, or seemed to hear, the chiding Sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
My breath, thy healthful climate in the heats,
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my terraces?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?
Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn
A little hut suffices like a town.
I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,
And carve the coastwise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome, and Nineveh, and Thebes,
Karnak, and Pyramid, and Giant's Stairs,
Half piled or prostrate; and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.
Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.

Rich are the sea-gods ;—who gives gifts but they ?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls :
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O waves !
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift ?

" I, with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and in another age
Rebuild a continent of better men ;
Then I unbar the doors. My paths lead out
The exodus of nations : I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

" I, too, have arts and sorceries :
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid. Leave me to deal
With credulous and imaginative man ;
For, though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there, or die."

R. W. Emerson.

THE SAND-PIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky :
For are we not God's children both,
Thou little sand-piper and I ?

Celia Thaxter.

WOULD GOD I WERE NOW BY THE SEA!

WOULD God I were now by the sea !
By the winding wet-worn caves,
By the ragged rents of the rocks !
And that there as a bird I might be
White-winged with the sea-skimming flocks ;
Where the spray and the breeze blow free
O'er the ceaseless mirth of the waves,
And dishevel their loose gray locks.
I would spread my wings to the moist, salt air,
And my wide white wings should carry me
Lifted up out over the sea,—
Carry I heed not where,
Somewhither far away,
Somewhither far from my hateful home,
Where the breast of the breeze is sprinkled with spray,
Where the restless deep is maddened with glee ;
Over the waves' wild ecstasy,
Through the wild blown foam !

Euripides.

LOW TIDE.

UNDER the cliff I walk in silence,
While the intrepid waters flow,
And the white birds, lit by the sun into silver,
Glitter against the blue below ;
And the tide is low.

Here, years ago, in golden weather,
Under the cliff, and close to the sea,
A pledge was given that made me master
Of all that ever was dear to me ;
And the tide was low.

Only a little year fled by after,
Then my bride and I came once more,
And saw the sea, like a bird imprisoned,
Beating its wings 'gainst its bars, the shore ;
And the tide was low.

Now I walk alone by the filmy breakers,—
A voice is hushed I can never forget ;
Upon my sea dead calm has fallen,
My ships are harbored, my sun is set ;
And the tide is low.

Henry Abbey.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

WHEN the tide comes in,
At once the shore and sea begin
Together to be glad.
What the tide has brought
No man has asked, no man has sought:
What other tides have had
The deep sand hides away;
The last bit of the wrecks they wrought
Was burned up yesterday.

When the tide goes out,
The shore looks dark and sad with doubt.
The landmarks are all lost.
For the tide to turn
Men patient wait, men restless yearn.
Sweet channels they have crossed,
In boats that rocked with glee,
Stretch now bare stony roads that burn
And lead away from sea.

When the tide comes in
In hearts, at once the hearts begin
Together to be glad.
What the tide has brought
They do not care, they have not sought.
All joy they ever had
The new joy multiplies;
All pain by which it may be bought
Seems paltry sacrifice.

When the tide goes out,
The hearts are wrung with fear and doubt :
All trace of joy seems lost.
Will the tide return ?
In restless questioning they yearn
With hands unclasped, uncrossed,
They weep, on separate ways.
Ah ! darling, shall we ever learn
Love's tidal hours and days ?

H. H.

MY BARNACLES.

NOT those whose life is hid with God
In the unfathomed sea ;
Not those which gleam so milky white
Under my dory's lee,

As o'er her side I softly lean,
And watch the life below,—
The strange fair things which there abide,
And those which come and go.

Nor call I mine the crowds that cling
To many a venturous keel,—
A mimic world, whose tiny folk
Through ocean spaces steal.

Mine are the little creatures left
By the retreating sea,
Who long for it to come again,
So masterful and free.

It goes : the hot sun scorches them,
And lovers' careless feet
Tread them to death, as if no life
But theirs were passing sweet.

It comes : it wooes, it kisses them ;
It drenches them with love ;
It is a presence everywhere,—
Around, beneath, above.

And these are mine by lover's right ;
And, when the tide is low,
Down to its edge with scooping hands
Or cup of shell I go,

And dip the briny waters up,
And bear them back to give
To these wee things that long for them
As dying men to live.

How eagerly their shells dispart
To take the moisture in !
And do I hear a tiny laugh,—
The faintest, merriest din ?

What think they of the sudden draught ?
That 'tis the coming sea ?
A little wave sent on before
The mighty company ?

And when they know it is not that
Do they reproach the hand
Which brings the broken promise up
From the wave-beaten strand ?

Believe it not: they know the step
Of the advancing sea,
Better than maidens know the feet
That come so stealthily.

They take, with thanks, the human help,
And still with patience wait
For the vast love to come and fill
The void it doth create.

So wait our souls on Thee, O God!
Their longing is from Thee:
All human help must ever hint
At Thy sufficiency.

Come as the ocean comes to give
Its energy divine;
Fold us in Thy encircling arms,
And make us wholly Thine.

J. W. Chadwick.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

STEADFAST, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings, and winds, and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man."

H. W. Longfellow.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!

Oh, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

THE SHORE.

CAN it be women that walk in the sea-mist under the cliffs there?
Where, 'neath a briny bow, creaming advances the lip
Of the foam, and out from the sand-choked anchors on to the skiffs there
The long ropes swing through the surge as it tumbles, and glitter and drip.

All the place, in a lurid glimmering emerald glory,
Glares like a Titan world come back under heaven again;
Yonder, up there, are the steeps of the sea-kings famous in story,
But who are they on the beach? They are neither women nor men.

Who knows. Are they the land's or the water's living creatures?
Born of the boiling sea? nursed in the seething storms?
With their woman's hair dishevelled over their stern male features,
Striding bare to the knee, magnified maritime forms!

They may be the mothers and wives, they may be the sisters and daughters,
Of men in the dark mid-seas, alone in those black-coil'd hulls,
That toil 'neath yon white cloud, whence the moon will rise o'er the waters
To-night with her face on fire, if the wind in the evening lulls.

But they may be merely visions, such as only sick men witness
(Sitting, as I sit here, filled with a wild regret),
Framed from the sea's misshapen spume with a horrible fitness
To the winds in which they walk, and the surges by which they are wet.

Salamanders, sea-wolves, witches, warlocks, marine-monsters,
Which the dying seaman beholds when the rats are swimming away,
And an Indian wind 'gins hiss from an unknown isle, and alone stirs
The broken cloud which burns on the verge of the dead red day.

I know not. All my mind is confused, nor can I dissever
The mould of the visible world from the shape of my thoughts in me.
The Inward and Outward are fused, and through them murmur for ever
The sorrow whose sound is the wind, and the roar of the limitless sea.

Owen Meredith.

CHILDREN ON THE SHORE.

WE are building little homes on the sands,
We are making little rooms very gay,
We are busy with our hearts and our hands,
We are sorry that the time flits away.
Oh, why are the minutes in such haste?
Oh, why don't they leave us to our play?
Our lessons and our meals are such waste!
We can dine very well another day.

We do not mind the tide coming in,
We can dig it a cunning little bed,
Or leave our pretty house and begin
Another pretty house in its stead;
We do not mind the sun in our eyes,
When it makes such a dazzle of the world
That we cannot tell the sea from the skies,
Nor look where the flying drops are hurled.

The shells that we gather are so fair,
The birds and the clouds are so kind,
And the winds are so merry with our hair,
It is only the *People* that we mind!
Papa, if you come so very near,
We can't build the library to-day;
We think you are tired of being here,
And perhaps you would like to go away.

There are just one or two we won't refuse,
If they come by, to help us now and then;
But we want only friends to be of use,
And not all these idle grown men.
Perhaps if we hurry very much,
And don't lose an instant of the day,
There'll be time for the last lovely touch,
Before the sea sweeps it all away!

Anon.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, MARBLEHEAD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room,
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel with secret pain,
Their lives henceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,

Of ships dismasted that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

H. W. Longfellow.

INTIMATIONS.

HENCE, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Wordsworth.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away!
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chaff and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away;
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know;
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once, and come away;
This way, this way.
"Mother dear, we cannot stay,"
The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore,
Then come down.

She will not come, though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ;
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?
Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sat with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sat on her knee.
She combed its bright hair and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell ;
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea ;

She said, " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, merman, here with thee."
I said, " Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay;
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach in the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town,
Through the narrow-paved streets where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs,
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sat by the pillar; we saw her clear;
" Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, " we are here alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But ah! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door,"
Come away, children, call no more,
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea;
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh.
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar;
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low,
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town,

At the church on the hill-side,—
And then come back, down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she;
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Matthew Arnold.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

THE gray sea, and the long black land,
And the yellow half-moon large and low,
And the startled little waves, that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach,
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane; the quick, sharp scratch,
And blue spurt, of a lighted match;
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

R. Browning.

THE RISING OF THE HILLS.

SINKING, sinking, all the country slowly sank beneath the waves;
And the ocean swept the forests, reptiles, dragons, to their graves;
Afterwards with shells old Ocean all the conquered country paves,

Singing, "It is mine for ever!"—not for ever, not for long,
For the subterranean forces laughed at Ocean's boastful song,
Lifting up the sunken country, for their backs were broad and strong,

Till the sea-shells were uplifted even to the mountain peak.
Far below the waves are moaning, but with voices faint and weak,
Sorrowing for their lost dominion and the toys they vainly seek.

P. G. Hamerton.

MONADNOCK.

MONADNOCK is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among;
But, well I know, no mountain can
Measure with a perfect man.
For it is on zodiacs writ,
Adamant is soft to wit:
And when the greater comes again
With my secret in his brain,
I shall pass, as glides my shadow
Daily over hill and meadow.

Through all time, in light and gloom,
Well I hear the approaching feet
On the flinty pathway beat
Of him that cometh, and shall come;

Of him who shall as lightly bear
My daily load of woods and streams,
As doth this round, sky-cleaving boat
Which never strains its rocky beams;
Whose timbers, as they silent float,
Alps and Caucasus uprear,
And the long Alleghanies here,
And all town-sprinkled lands that be,
Sailing through stars with all their history.

Every morn I lift my head,
Gaze o'er New England underspread,
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.
Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnock like a bead.

R. W. Emerson.

AN ALPINE PICTURE.

STAND here and look, and softly hold your breath
Lest the vast avalanche come crashing down!
How many miles away is yonder town
Set flower-wise in the valley? Far beneath—
A scimitar half-drawn from out its sheath—
The river curves through meadows newly mown;
The ancient water-courses are all strown
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;

And peak on peak against the turquoise-blue.
The Alps like towering campanili stand,
Wondrous, with pinnacles of frozen rain,
Silvery, crystal, like the prism in hue.
O, tell me, Love, if this be Switzerland—
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

T. B. Aldrich.

MOUNTAIN TARNS.

OH! askest thou of me
What store of thoughtful glee
By mountain tarns is lying,
That I to such grim nooks
From my dull-hearted books
Should evermore be flying?

Go thou, and spend an hour
In autumn fog and shower
Amid the thundering rills;
Or hear the breezy sigh
Of summer-quiet die
Among the noon-day hills.

The eagle's royal soul
Is nurtured in the roll
And echo of the thunder,
And feeds forevermore,
Amid the summits hoar,
On sights and sounds of wonder,—

The murmur of the stone,
With hoarse and hollow moan
  Self-loosened from the height;
The waterfall's white showers
In midnight's deepest hours
  Creating sound and light;

The pauses in the blowing
Of winds, when oxen lowing
  Are heard from vales beneath;
The underworld of care,
Scarce burdening the air
  With its poor plaintive breath;

The fragrance of the noon;
The nearness of the moon;
  The swampy mosses tingling;
The strife of peace and noise,
Like the sorrows and the joys
  In earthly lots commingling.

To all such sight and sound
Is the eagle's being bound,—
  A destiny of bliss:
These spells his spirit wake;
These influences make
  The eagle what he is.

So I of lowly birth,
A workman on the earth,

Would cast myself apart,
That I a little time
From dreariness sublime
-Might win a royal heart.

The golden-crownèd kings
Are often abject things :
I would not be as they.
But mountain winds and waves
Teach no men to be slaves,
But with high minds obey.

Great emperors forget,
In jewelled places set,
The human heart below ;
And, with no fellows near,
They often cease to hear
Its holy ebb and flow.

But I from mountain throne
Would oftentime come down,
And leave unto the breeze
And cataract to fill
With echoes at their will
My dreary royalties.

I would in mountain haunt
But quicken the sweet want
Of love and blisses mild ;
And I would alternate
My pomp of regal state
With humors of a child.

There is a power to bless
In hillside loneliness,
  In tarns and dreary places;
A virtue in the brook,
A freshness in the look
  Of mountains' joyless faces.

And I would have my heart
From littleness apart,
  A love-anointed thing;
Be set above my kind;
In my unfettered mind
  A veritable king.

And so when life is dull,
Or when my heart is full
  Because my dreams have frowned,
I wander up the rills,
To stones and tarns and hills:
  I go there to be crowned.

F. W. Faber.

THE PRESENT PAST.

FOR *us no Past?* Nay, what is present sweetness
But yesterdays dissolving in to-day?
No Past? It flowers in every new completeness,
And scarce from eye and ear can hide away.

These berries, mottling blue the rocky hollow,
Still cluster with the blossom-trick of June :
The cloud-led shadows loiter there and follow
O'er crags sun-stained by centuries of noon.
Yon aged pine waves young defiant gesture
When hustling winds pant by in wild sea-mood :
The valley's grace in all its shining vesture,—
Ages have carved it from the solitude :
Low sings the stream in murmurs faint recalling
The chant of floods the solitude once heard ;
And this wide quiet on the hill-tops falling
Made hush at eves that listener never stirred.

And as on *us* it falls, our laughter stilling,
Dim echoes cross it of all old delight !
The joy, along the soul's far reaches thrilling
To glory of the summer day and night,
Has been inwrought by many a summer-hour
Of past selves long forgot,—enrichment slow,
Attuning mind and heart with mystic power
To the fresh marvel of this sunset's glow.
I think we see our valley's brightness brighter
For faces that once brightened by our side ;
And the peace of the eternal mountains deepens
With the peace we saw on faces that have died.

For us no Past ? Nay, what is present sweetness ?
Dear yesterdays dissolving in to-day !
The Past—it flowers in every new completeness
Of thought, faith, hope ; and so shall be for aye !

W. C. Gannett.

THE HILL SUMMIT.

THIS feast-day of the sun, his altar there
In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;
And I have loitered in the vale too long,
And gaze now a belated worshipper.
Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
So journeying, of his face at intervals
Transfigured where the fringed horizon falls—
A fiery bush with coruscating hair.

And now that I have climbed and won this height,
I must tread downward through the sloping shade
And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed
And see the gold air and the silver fade
And the last bird fly into the last light.

D. G. Rossetti.

THE RECOLLECTION.

WE wandered to the pine-forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;

It seemed as if the hour were one
  Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
  A light of paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
  The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
  As serpents interlaced;
And soothed, by every azure breath
  That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath
  As tender as its own;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
  Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
  The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was!—The silence there
  By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
  Made stiller with her sound
The inviolable quietness;
  The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
  The calm that round us grew.
There seemed, from the remotest seat
  Of the white mountain-waste
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
  A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
  A thrilling silent life:

To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife.
And still, I felt, the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest-bough.
Each seemed as't were a little sky
Gulfed in a world below :
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade, the neighboring lawn,
And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green ;
And all was interfused beneath
With an elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.

Shelley.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down through town and field,
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And king-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

Tennyson.

TWO VOICES.

TWO voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

Wordsworth.

SONNET.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Wordsworth.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

GIVE honor to their memories, who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland;
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!

Samuel Ferguson.

THOSE WHO HAVE FAILED.

HONOR to those who have failed,
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea,
And to those who sank themselves in the sea,
And to all the unknown heroes,
Equal to the greatest heroes known.

Walt Whitman.

THE CUMBERLAND.

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle-blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies:
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland, all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

H. W. Longfellow.

GOD, GIVE US PEACE!

GOD, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!

J. R. Lowell.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS.

FOR the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain-sod;
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod:
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod:
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the storm, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills,—we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights;
And the stag, that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;

But we, for thy communion,
Have sought the mountain-sod :
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves ;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode :
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead ;
For the snows and for the torrents ;
For the free heart's burial sod ;
For the strength of the hills,—we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God ! *Mrs. Hemans.*

A SEA GLIMPSE.

HIGH tide, and the year at ebb :
The sea is a dream to-day :
The sky is a gossamer web
Of sapphire, and pearl, and gray :

A veil over rock and boat ;
A breath on the tremulous blue,
Where the dim sails lie afloat,
Or, unaware, slip from view.

They veer to the rosy ray ;
  They dusk to the violet shade ;
Like a thought they flit away ;
  Like a foolish hope, they fade.

But listen ! a sudden plash !
  A ship is heaving in sight,
With a stir, and a noisy dash
  Of the salt-foam, seething white.

Tar-grimed and weather-stained,
  The sailors shout from her deck :
Naught of the sky blue-veined,
  Or the dreamy waves they reck.

And the sunburnt girl who stands
  Where her feet on the wet wrack slip,—
Eyes shaded with lithe, brown hands,—
  She sees but the coming ship.

Lucy Larcom.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I DO not own an inch of land ;
  But all I see is mine,—
The orchards and the mowing fields
  The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are :
  They bring me tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtile essences,
  A tribute rare and free.
And, more magnificent than all,
  My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
  A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
  Great fleets and argosies:
I have a share in every ship
  Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
  Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams;
  Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
  Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the east
  Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,
  The people of the sky,—
Guests in white raiment, coming down
  From heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
  As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
  From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
  Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on Life's hospitable sea
  All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
  With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
  Spread out from morn to night:
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
  Its brooding shade and light.

A part is greater than the whole ;
By hints are mysteries told :
The fringes of eternity,
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist ;
The waves are broken precious stones,—
Sapphire and amethyst,—
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift ;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.
Here sit I as a little child :
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase :
Now the vast temple-floor,
The blinding glory of the dome,
I bow my head before.
The universe, O God ! is home,
In height or depth, to me ;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be,
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

Lucy Larcom.

LAND-LOCKED.

BLACK lie the hills, swiftly doth daylight flee,
And catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,
Through the dusk land for many a changing mile
The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee!
O yearning heart, that never can be still!
O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,
Longing for level line of solemn sea,

Have patience,—here are flowers and songs of birds,
Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,
All summer's glory thine from morn till night,
And life too full of joy for uttered words.

Neither am I ungrateful:—but I dream
Deliciously, how twilight falls to-night
Over the glimmering water, how the light
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind sea-scented on my cheek,
To catch the sound of dusky flapping sail
And dip of oars, and voices on the gale
Afar off, calling low;—my name they speak!

O Earth! thy summer song of joy may soar
Ringing to heaven in triumph. I but crave
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

Celia Thaxter

O YE KEEN BREEZES!

O YE keen breezes from the salt Atlantic,
Which to the beach, where memory loves to wander,
On your strong pinions waft reviving coolness,
Bend your course hither!

For, in the surf ye scattered to the sunshine
Did we not sport together in my boyhood,
Screaming for joy amid the flashing breakers,
O rude companions?

Then to the meadows beautiful and fragrant,
Where the coy Spring beholds her earliest verdure
Brighten with smiles that rugged sea-side hamlet,
How would we hasten!

There under elm-trees affluent in foliage,
High o'er whose summit hovered the sea-eagle,
Through the hot, glaring noontide have we rested
After our gambols.

Vainly the sailor called you from your slumber:
Like a glazed pavement shone the level ocean;
While, with the snow-white canvas idly drooping,
Stood the tall vessels.

And when, at length, exulting ye awakened,
Rushed to the beach, and ploughed the liquid acres,
How have I chased you through the shivered billows,
In my frail shallop!

Playmates, old playmates, hear my invocation!
In the close town I waste this golden summer,
Where piercing cries and sounds of wheels in motion
Ceaselessly mingle.

When shall I feel your breath upon my forehead?
When shall I hear you in the elm-trees' branches?
When shall we wrestle in the briny surges,
Friends of my boyhood?

Epes Sargent.

"THE EAGER SUN COMES GLADLY FROM THE SEA."

THE eager sun comes gladly from the sea;
Remembering that one short year ago
He rose from unknown worlds of light below
Those same far waves, to shine on you and me
Standing together on the shore;—but we
Are strangely far apart to-day; and so
The saddened sun with lingering step and slow
Climbs the horizon, wondering not to see
Your face with mine; nor can he understand
As we do, dear, that you and I to-day,—
Though million miles of ocean or of land
And centuries of time between us lay,—
Are nearer to each other than when hand
Touched hand, before we gave our hearts away.

Alice W. Rollins.

CHRYSAOR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

H. W. Longfellow.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

IN the hush of the autumn night
I hear the voice of the sea,
In the hush of the autumn night
It seems to say to me—
Mine are the winds above,
Mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday
And the dead of long ago!

And I think of the fleet that sailed
From the lovely Gloucester shore,
I think of the fleet that sailed
And came back nevermore!

T. B. Aldrich.

MY LIGHTHOUSES.

AT westward window of a palace gray,
Which its own secret still so safely keeps
That no man now its builder's name can say,
I lie and idly sun myself to-day,
Dreaming awake far more than one who sleeps,
Serenely glad, although my gladness weeps.

I look across the harbor's misty blue,
And find and lose that magic shifting line
Where sky one shade less blue meets sea, and through
The air I catch one flush as if it knew
Some secret of that meeting, which no sign
Can show to eyes so far and dim as mine.

More ships than I can count build mast by mast
Gay lattice-work with waving green and red
Across my window panes. The voyage past,
They crowd to anchorage so glad, so fast,
Gliding like ghosts, with noiseless breath and tread,
Mooring like ghosts, with noiseless iron and lead.

"O ships and patient men who fare by sea,"
I stretch my hands and vainly questioning cry,
"Sailed ye from West? How many nights could ye
Tell by the lights just where my dear and free

And lovely land lay sleeping? Passed ye by
Some danger safe, because her fires were nigh?"

Ah me! my selfish yearning thoughts forget
How darkness but a hand's breath from the coast
With danger in an evil league is set!
Ah! helpless ships and men more helpless yet,
Who trust the land-lights' short and empty boast;
The lights ye bear aloft and prayers avail ye most.

But I—ah, patient men who fare by sea,
Ye would but smile to hear this empty speech,—
I have such beacon lights to burn for me,
In that dear west so lovely, new and free,
That evil league by day, by night, can teach
No spell whose harm my little bark can reach.

No towers of stone uphold those beacon-lights;
No distance hides them, and no storm can shake;
In valleys they light up the darkest nights,
They outshine sunny days on sunny heights;
They blaze from every house where sleep or wake
My own who love me for my own poor sake.

Each thought they think of me lights road of flame
Across the seas; no travel on it tires
My heart. I go if they but speak my name;
From Heaven I should come and go the same,
And find this glow forestalling my desires.
My darlings do you hear me? Trim the fires!

H. H.

SONG.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on Mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest:
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tennyson.

HERE, MANY A TIME.

HERE, many a time she must have walked,
The dull sand brightening 'neath her feet,
The cool air quivering as she talked,
Or laughed, or warbled sweet.

The shifting sand no trace of her,
No trace the wandering wind retains,
But breaking where the footsteps were
Loudly the sea complains.

Robert Weeks.

PAST DAYS.

THREE ROUNDELS.

I.

DEAD and gone, the days we had together,
Shadow-stricken all the lights that shone
Round them, flown as flies the blown foam's feather,
Dead and gone.

Where we went, we twain, in time foregone,
Forth by land and sea, and cared not whether,
If I go again, I go alone.

Bound am I with time as with a tether;
Thee perchance death leads enfranchised on,
Far from death-like life and changeful weather,
Dead and gone.

II.

Above the sea and sea-washed town we dwelt,
We twain together, two brief summers, free
From heed of hours as light as clouds that melt
Above the sea.

Free from all heed of aught at all were we,
Save chance of change that clouds or sunbeams dealt
And gleam of heaven to windward or to lee.

The Norman downs with bright gray waves for belt
Were more for us than inland ways might be;
A clearer sense of nearer heaven we felt
Above the sea.

III.

Cliffs and downs and headlands which the forward-
hasting
Flight of dawn and eve empurples and embrowns,
Wings of wild sea-winds and stormy seasons wasting
Cliffs and downs,—

These, or ever man was, were: the same sky frowns,
Laughs, and lightens, as before his soul, forecast-
ing
Times to be, conceived such hopes as time dis-
crowns—

These we loved of old: but now for me the blast-
ing
Breath of death makes dull the bright small seaward
towns,
Clothes with human change these all but everlasting
Cliffs and downs.

A. C. Swinburne.

AT SEA.

THE night is made for cooling shade,
For silence and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep:
Child-like as then I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels,
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp,
With every shock she feels.
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hingèd socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own, with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of perfect law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light:
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant: I cross my palms,
Happy as if, to-night,
Under the cottage roof, again
I heard the soothing summer rain.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THOU GLORIOUS MIRROR!

THOU glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests! in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

Byron.

A MYTH.

A FLOATING, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmast tree.

"Oh, came you from the isles of Greece
Or from the banks of Seine?
Or off some tree in forests free
That fringe the western main?"

"I came not off the old world,
Nor yet from off the new;
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through."

"Oh, sing and wake the dawning!
Oh, whistle for the wind!
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind."

"The current sweeps the old world,
The current sweeps the new;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

C. Kingsley.

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night;
The tide is full; the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window: sweet is the night-air!
Only from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery: we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;

But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love! let us be true
To one another: for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy nor love nor light,
Nor certitude nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold.

CHILD AND SHELL.

I HAVE seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy: for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things,

Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought,
Devout above the meaning of your will.

Wordsworth.

SHELL AND HEART.

TAKE the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
It will sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

Anon.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl,—
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea!
Cast from her lap forlorn,
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn.
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

O. W. Holmes.

A SEA SHELL.

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?
Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

Tennyson.

A FISHING-TOWN.

QUAINT clusters of gray houses crowding down
Unto a river's edge ; the river wide,
And flecked with fishing-boats beyond the town,
Incoming with the slow incoming tide.
Moored to the old pier-end, a smack or two
Slow dandled by the shoreward-setting swell,
And with their nets with every dip wet through,
Show their black, pitchy ribs. Some far ship's bell
Comes in the capful of light wind that hails
From seaward ; while still louder and more loud,
Beneath the lowering hood of ashen cloud,
Rings the hoarse fisher's shout. There nearing sails
Loom large and shadowy ; and the sunset gun
Tells that another day is o'er and done.

Anon.

SUMMER-CHEMISTRY.

WHAT does it take
A day to make,—
A day at the Bear Camp Ossipee ?

White clouds a-sail in the shining blue,
With shadows dropt to dredge the lands ;
A mountain-wind, and a marching storm,
And a sound in the trees like waves on sands ;
A mist to soften the shaggy side
Of the great green hill, till it lies as dim
As the hills in a childhood memory ;

The back of an upland pasture steep,
With delicate fern-beds notching wide
The dark wood-line, where the birches keep
Candlemas all the summer-tide ;
The crags and the ledges silver-chased
Where yesterday's rainy runlets raced ;
Brown-flashing across the meadows bright
The stream that gems their malachite ;
And, watching his valley, Chocorua grim !
And a golden sunset watching him !

Add fifty lives of young and old,
Of tired and sad, of strong and bold,
And every heart a deeper sea
Than its own owner dreams can be ;
Add eyes whose glances have the law
Of coursing planets in their draw ;
Add careless hands that touch and part,—
And hands that greet with a heaven's sense ;
Add little children in their glee
Uprunning to a mother's knee,
Their earliest altar ; add her heart,
Their feeble, brooding Providence :—

Add this to that, and thou shalt see
What goes to summer-chemistry,—
What the God takes
Each time he makes
One summer-day at Ossipee.

W. C. Gannett.

SUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
O softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays;
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores with many a shining rift
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay,
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet—
Where grow the pine-trees, tall and bland,
The ancient oaks, austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze; while warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;

Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits;
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells;

The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes by; and look—
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
O this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, or book to read;
A dear Companion here abides,
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice;
I lie, and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. Trowbridge.

EXTRA MUROS.

NOT unremembered here the garish stage,
Nor the wild city's uproar, nor the race
For gain and power in which we all engage;
But here remembered dimly in a dream,

As something fretful that hath ceased to fret—
Here, where time lapses like a gentle stream
Hid in the woodland's heart, and I forget
To note its music and its silver gleam.

But never, never let me cease to know,
O whispering woods and daisy-sprinkled grass,
The beauty and the peace that you bestow,
When the wild fevers of ambition pass,
And the worn spirit, in its gloom and grief,
Sinks on your bosom, and there finds relief.

William Winter.

VACATION.

WHEN did we go to the Michigan woods?
I only know
That the air was sweet with the low white clover,
And the honey bee, the wild free rover,
Had never far to go.

How long did we stay in the Michigan woods?
I only know
That the fire-weed flamed crimson higher and higher
Till only one blossom crowned the spire,
While below, the seeds lay side by side,
Ready to fly out far and wide
As the winds might chance to blow.

How long did we stay in the Michigan woods?
I only know
That the elder-blossoms grew white, then brown,
Then the scarlet berries hung heavily down,
Over the green below.

How long did we stay in the Michigan woods?
I only know
That the thistle flung open his armor green
Till his purple silken vest was seen,
Then changed to a fairy in gossamer grace
That brushed with her silvery robes my face,
As she floated high and low.

When did we leave the Michigan woods?
I only know
That clusters of asters purple and white,
And the golden-rod like a flash of light,
Had set all the roads aglow.

When did we leave the Michigan woods?
I can only say
That the yellow poplars trembled over
Where the weary bee hunted in vain for clover
The morning we came away.

Anna C. Brackett.

FROM THE "LOTOS-EATERS."

IN the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemèd always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams!—some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown
In the red west: through mountain-clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow set with slender galingale,—
A land where all things always seemed the same.

Tennyson.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

WHO are they that prate of the sweet consolation of Nature?
They who fly from the city's heat for a month to the sea shore,
Drink of unsavory springs, or camp in the green Adirondacks?
They, long since, have left with their samples of ferns and of algæ,
Memories carefully dried and somewhat lacking in color,
Gossip of tree and cliff and wave and modest adventure,

Such as a graceful sentiment—not too earnest—admits of,
Heard in the pause of a dance or bridging the gaps of a dinner.
Nay, but I, who know her, exult in her profligate seasons,
Turn from the silence of men to her fancied, fond recognition,
I am repelled at last by her sad and cynical humor.
Kinder, cheerier now, were the pavements crowded with people,
Walls that hide the sky, and the endless racket of business.
There a hope in something lifts and enlivens the current,
Face seeth face, and the hearts of a million, beating together,
Hidden though each from other, at least are outwardly nearer,
Lending the life of all to the one,—bestowing and taking,
Weaving a common web of strength in the meshes of contact,
Close, yet never impeded, restrained, yet delighting in freedom.
There the soul, secluded in self, or touching its fellow
Only with horny palms that hide the approach of the pulses,
Driven abroad, discovers the secret signs of its kindred,

Kisses on lips unknown, and words on the tongue of the stranger.
Life is set to a statelier march, a grander accordance
Follows its multitudinous steps of dance and of battle :
Part hath each in the music ; even the sacredest whisper
Findeth a soul unafraid and an ear that is ready to listen.

Bayard Taylor.

TO A PINE-TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast ;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches ;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the slumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,

Till he longs to be swung 'mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finnèd isles are their cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
Preying thence on the continent under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
'Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of Summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

J. R. Lowell.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills;
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.

ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains,
She leapt down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams ;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams :
And gliding and springing,
She went ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Shelley.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud ;

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

ON THE SEA.

THE pathway of the sinking moon
Fades from the silent bay;
The mountain-isles loom large and faint,
Folded in shadows gray,
And the lights of land are setting stars
That soon will pass away.

O boatman, cease thy mellow song!
O minstrel, drop thy lyre!
Let us hear the voice of the midnight sea,
Let us speak as the waves inspire,
While the plashy dip of the languid oar
Is a furrow of silver fire.

Day cannot make thee half so fair,
Nor the stars of eve so dear;
The arms that clasp and the breast that keeps,
They tell me thou art near,
And the perfect beauty of thy face
In thy murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below
The vast and glimmering sea;
The world we leave is a tale that is told,—
A fable that cannot be.
There is no life in the sphery dark
But the love in thee and me!

Bayard Taylor.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

SOMETIMES a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments;
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,—
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Coleridge.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

"WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?"
"Far, far ahead," is all her seamen know.
"And where the land she travels from?"—"Away,
Far, far behind," is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go!

On stormy nights, when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

"Where lies the land to which the ship would go?"
"Far, far ahead," is all her seamen know.
"And where the land she travels from?"—"Away,
Far, far behind," is all that they can say.

A. H. Clough.

SEEN AND UNSEEN.

THE wind ahead, the billows high,
A whited wave, but sable sky,
And many a league of tossing sea
Between the hearts I love and me.

The wind ahead: day after day
These weary words the sailors say;
To weeks the days are lengthened now,—
Still mounts the surge to meet our prow.

Through longing day and lingering night
I still accuse Time's lagging flight,
Or gaze out o'er the envious sea,
That keeps the hearts I love from me.

Yet, ah, how shallow is all grief!
How instant is the deep relief!
And what a hypocrite am I
To feign forlorn, to 'plain and sigh!

The wind ahead? The wind is free!
Forevermore it favoreth me,
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

This surging brine *I* do not sail,
This blast adverse is not my gale;
'Tis here I only seem to be,
But really sail another sea,—

Another sea; pure sky its waves,
Whose beauty hides no hidden graves,
A sea all haven, whereupon
No hapless bark to wreck hath gone.

The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all heavens beyond the sun:
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God, they sweep sublime.

Eternal trades, they cannot veer,
And, blowing, teach us how to steer;
And well for him whose joy, whose care,
Is but to keep before them fair.

O thou, God's mariner, heart of mine!
Spread canvas to the airs divine;
Spread sail, and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

For Destiny pursues us well,
By sea, by land, through heaven or hell:
It suffers Death alone to die;
Bids Life all change and chance defy.

Would earth's dark ocean suck thee down?
Earth's ocean thou, O Life! shalt drown;
Shalt flood it with thy finer wave,
And, sepulchred, entomb thy grave.

Life loveth life and good: then trust
What most the spirit would, it must;
Deep wishes in the heart that be
Are blossoms of necessity.

A thread of law runs through thy prayer
Stronger than iron cables are,
And Love and Longing toward her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

So Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And Unseen over Seen prevail,
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage and roar.

And so, 'mid storm or calm, my bark
With snowy wake still nears her mark:
Cheerly the trades of being blow,
And sweeping down the wind I go.

D. A. Wasson.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,—
A wind that follows fast,
That fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high,—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud,—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

MID-OCEAN.

WILD fields of ocean, piling heap on heap,
Thy mountainous wealth of water, but to fling
Abroad in splendthrift haste, still gathering
And scattering to the winds what none would keep;
Thou canst not know so sweet a thing as sleep
For all thy toil; nor hope whereto to cling.—
Plowed by the winds in one unending spring—
What harvest, of the storm, hast thou to reap?

My spirit owns, but will not bend before
This dull brute might and purposeless, of thine;
The sea-bird resting on thy wave is more
Than thou, by all its faculty divine
To suffer; pang is none in this thy roar,
And all the joy that lifts thy wave is mine!

Emily Pfeiffer.

COME HOME.

COME home, come home! and where is home for me,
Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?
To the frail bark here plunging on its way,
To the wild waters, shall I turn and say,
To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,
You are my home.

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,
Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,

These far, far back, behind me lie, before
The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,
And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam
No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,
There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,
Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as true,
The old forgotten semblance may renew
And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea-foam
Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,
And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,
Ere, if at all, the weary traveller hear,
With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,
A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come
To thy true home.

Come home, come home! and where a home hath he
Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?
Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that roar,
Say shall we find, or shall we not, a shore
That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
Indeed our home?

A. H. Clough.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer—
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll.
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see"

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

Matthew Arnold.

COMING ACROSS.

EVERY sail is full set, and the sky
And the sea blaze with light,
And the moon mid her virgins glides on
As St. Ursula might;
And the throb of the pulse never stops
In the heart of the ship,
As her measures of water and fire
She drinks down at a sip.
Yet I never can think, as I lie,
And so wearily toss,
That by saint or by star, or by ship,
I am coming across;

But by light which I know in dear eyes
That are bent on the sea,
And the touch I remember of hands
That are waiting for me
By the light of the eyes I could come,
If the stars should all fail;
And I think, if the ship should go down,
That the hands would prevail.
Ah! my darlings, you never will know
How I pined in the loss
Of you all, and how breathless and glad
I am coming across.

H. H.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

I'VE sailed the sea these many years,
Yet stout my heart, undimmed my eye ;
Whene'er I meet my sailing peers,
"All's well!" I to their shout reply.

These many years I've sailed the sea,
Been tossed by tempest, bound by calm ;
My freight was orient spicery,
And fruitage of the Indian palm.

Far lighter is my laden bark
Than when it left the morning shore :
To 'scape the waters hoarse and dark,
I freely cast abroad my store.

Of this, some part, in secret caves,
Lies mixed with dim, unfooted sands ;
Some part is borne upon the waves
To richly portion barren stands.

I would some wrecker there might be
Where'er my noble freightage drifts,
To whom the undiscerning sea
Might bring these stolen things as gifts :

Thou shivering dweller by the sands,
Look what to thee a bankrupt sends !
What falls to thine unweeting hands
Shall house thee, feed thee, make thee friends.

I've sailed the sea these many years,
  Yet stout my heart, undimmed my eye;
When'er I meet my sailing peers,
  "All's well!" I to their shout reply.

Now close at hand the roadstead lies,
  Nor shall I shame to enter there,
Though my good ship hath lost her prize,—
  Keel split and masts beyond repair!

Edith Thomas.

BY THE SEA-SHORE.

THE curvèd strand
  Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
  The tide is low,
  But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

  The beach birds fleet,
  With twinkling feet
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
  And sip, and chat
  Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

  The runlets gay,
  That haste away
To meet each snowy-bosomed crest,
  Enrich the shore
  With fleeting store
Of art-defying arabesque.

Each higher wave
Doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
Straightway they grow
A beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach,
Far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
The drift wood's heap
Doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago.

Nor storms alone:
I hear the moan
Of voices choked by dashing brine,
When sunken rock
Or tempest shock
Crushed the good vessel's oaken spine

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichened bastions, centuries old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea,
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep,
As 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,
Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O peace and rest!
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean;
No break, no bar
Of sun or star:
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh, when some day
In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

J. W. Chadwick.

WHAT ARGUMENT?

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

EMERSON.

DRIFTING dreamily with the tide,
Slowly away from the sunset's gold,
Leaning over our vessel's side,
We watched the sail with its drooping fold.

Southward, the slope of a summer hill,
Strewn with the fragrant new-made hay,
The horse and hay-wagon waiting still
For the finished fruit of the sunny day.

The rapid rake and the gleaming fork
Tossing its load on the growing pile;
Farmer and wife and children at work,
Sharing the labor; and all the while

One little maiden down on the shore,
Just where the land and water meet,
Wandering free till the work is o'er
Chasing the waves with gleaming feet;

Singing clearly across the bay,
All unconscious of listening ear,
Simple ballads, so light and gay
We hushed our words as we leaned to hear.

Songs of our school-days long agone,
Ringing out over the sun-set sea;
Then sweet in the silvery childish tone,
The battle cry for the land of the free.

Dreamily drifting by Deer Isle,
We lay and listened with strange surprise;
Feeling a blessing of peace the while
Dropping down from the quiet skies;

Feeling our deeper life touched at its core
By the simple song of the glad child-heart;
And peace in the boat and peace on the shore
Were so near and yet so far apart.

Living our lives out day by day,
All unconscious of listening ear,
Singing our song as we go our way,
Do we know who may be leaning to hear?

Anna C. Brackett.

MORE SEA.

THINK thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
Thou say'st "Man's measured path is all gone o'er:
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
How should this be? Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned.
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

D. G. Rossetti.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

PATMOS.

ALL around him Patmos lies,
Who hath spirit-gifted eyes,
Who his happy sight can suit
To the great and the minute.
Doubt not but he holds in view
A new earth and heaven new;
Doubt not but his ear doth catch
Strains nor voice nor reed can match;
Many a silver, sphery note
Shall within his hearing float.

All around him Patmos lies,
Who unto God's priestess flies :
Thou, O nature, bid him see,
Through all guises worn by thee,
A divine apocalypse.
Manifold his fellowships :
Now the rocks their archives ope ;
Voiceless creatures tell their hope
In a language symbol-wrought ;
Groves to him sigh out their thought ;
Musings of the flower and grass
Through his quiet spirit pass.

'Twixt new earth and heaven new
He hath traced and holds the clew.
Number his delights ye may not ;
Fleets the year, but these decay not.
Now the freshets of the rain,
Bounding on from hill to plain,
Show him earthly streams have rise
In the bosom of the skies.
Now he feels the morning thrill,
As upmounts, unseen and still,
Dew the wing of evening drops.
Now the frost, that meets and stops
Summer's feet in tender sward,
Greets him breathing heavenward.
Hieroglyphics writes the snow,
Through the silence falling slow ;
Types of star and petaled bloom
A white missal-page illume.

By these floating symbols fine,
Heaven-truth shall he divine.

All around him Patmos lies,
Who hath spirit-gifted eyes ;
He need not far remove,
He need not the times reprove,
Who would hold perpetual lease
Of an isle in seas of peace.

Edith Thomas.

MOUNT ATHOS.

EVERY age,
Through being beheld too close, is ill-discerned
By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
Mount Athos carved, as Alexander schemed,
To some colossal statue of a man.
The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
Had guessed as little as the browsing goats
Of form or feature of humanity
Up there,—in fact, had travelled five miles off
Or ere the giant image broke on them,
Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
Mouth, muttering rhythms of silence up the sky
And fed at evening with the blood of suns;
Grand torso,—hand, that flung perpetually
The largesse of a silver river down
To all the country pastures. 'Tis even thus
With times we live in,—evermore too great
To be apprehended near.

Mrs. Browning.

BY THE SEA.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity.

The gentleness of heaven is on the sea ;
Listen ! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

Wordsworth.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

THIS tract which the River of Time
Now flows through with us, is the Plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confus'd as the cries which we hear,
Changing and short as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the River of Time.

That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker incessanter line ;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
  Fiercer the sun overhead.
  That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
  Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

  But what was before us we know not.
And we know not what shall succeed.
Haply the River of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
  Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast :
  As the pale waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

Matthew Arnold.

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

1797.

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay;
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never so cold or white as they.
"Ho! Starbuck, Pinckney, and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day,
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear,—
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—
Thirteen children they were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as the sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each, and the sky and shore.
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar;

And they felt the breath of the downs fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They came no more. But they tell the tale
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor-reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal they know will bring relief,
For the voices of children still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

Bret Harte.

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

THE wind it blew and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':
"Haud on for Dumferline!"
Quoth the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land—
I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,
  And he steered the ship sae free ;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
  And stood right out to sea.

Quo' the king, " There's treason in this, I vow ;
  This is something underhand !
'Bout ship ! " Quo' the skipper, " Yer grace forgets
  Ye are king but o' the land ! "

And still he held to the open sea ;
  And the east wind sank behind ;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
  Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north.
  Said the king : " Gar fling him o'er."
Quo' the fearless skipper : " It's a' ye're worth ;
  Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin stair,
  To drink the gude French wine,
And up she came, his daughter fair,
  And luikit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
  To the hail but and the weet ;
Her snood it brak', and, as lang's hersel',
  Her hair drave out in the sleet.

She turned her face frae the drivin' win'—
  " What's that ahead ? " quo' she.
The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
  And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
Put to yer hand," quoth he;
"Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
It the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength,
Whether woman's or man's at last.
To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo' the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and a queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swam.
"And what for no to heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na her han' frae the good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw';
And the skipper he spak', but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship, she lay to,
With the land far on the lee;
And up came the king upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king;
"Gae wa', gae wa'," said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was a'wrang,
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars came oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pierheid,
And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel down," the king he said.
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
I'm aboard my ain ship noo.

"I canna mak' ye a king," said he.
"For the Lord alone can do that,
And beside ye took it intil yer ain han',
And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the king
In his een for all his croon;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,—
A wrathful man to see :
" The rascal loon abuses our grace ;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade ;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud ;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

" He saved your life ! " cried the lady fair ;
" His life ye daurna spill ! "
" Will ye come atween me and my hate ? "
Quo' the lady, " And that I will."

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
" Gin ye care na for yer father's grace ?
Mind ye that I am the king ? "

" I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee ;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And away with the skipper goes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter?
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into high heaven wi' pride?

George MacDonald.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah
Sitting at the window binding shoes,—
Faded, wrinkled,—
Sitting, stitching in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree.
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.

May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing,—
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the wild sou' wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose;
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons:—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

LITTLE HILL-FOLK.

I.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
That is the grasshopper's. He takes the lead
In summer luxury : he has never done
With his delights ; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

John Keats.

II.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth !

Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
In doors and out, summer and winter,—Mirth.

Leigh Hunt.

FABLE.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year and a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. Emerson.

THE MICROCOSM.

WHAT forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.

O God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these gray stones unseen may dwell;
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms!

Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl some atom-cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses and admires
The works of nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!

O God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee
Could smite us into nought!

But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

Ebenezer Elliot.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

R. L. Stevenson.

COME DOWN, O MAID.

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?

But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine: nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air;
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Tennyson.

SPLENDORS OF MORNING.

SPLENDORS of morning the billow-crests brighten,
Lighting and luring them on to the land,—
Far away waves where the wan vessels whiten,
Blue rollers breaking in surf where we stand.
Curved like the necks of a legion of horses,
Each with his froth-gilded mane flowing free,
Hither they speed in perpetual courses,
Bearing thy riches, O beautiful sea!

Strong with the striving of yesterday's surges,
Lashed by the wanton winds leagues from the shore,
Each, driven fast by its follower, urges
Fearlessly those that are fleeting before;
How they leap over the ridges we walk on,
Flinging us gifts from the depths of the sea,—
Silvery fish for the foam-haunting falcon,
Palm-weed and pearls for my darling and me!

Light falls her foot where the rift follows after,
Finer her hair than your feathery spray,
Sweeter her voice than your infinite laughter,—
Hist! ye wild couriers, list to my lay!
Deep in the chambers of grottos auroral
Morn laves her jewels and bends her bright knee:
Thence to my dear one your amber and coral
Bring for her dowry, O beautiful sea!

E. C. Stedman.

FULL MANY A GLORIOUS MORNING.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The regent cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Shakspere.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS.

OH it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy ; or, with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks ; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land,
Or listening to the tide, with closèd sight,

Be that blind bard who, on the chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

Coleridge.

MOUNTAIN SACRAMENTS.

FOR we the mighty mountain plains have trod
Both in the glow of sunset and sunrise;
And lighted by the moon of southern skies!
The snow-white torrent of the thundering flood
We two have watched together. In the wood
We two have felt the warm tears dim our eyes
While zephyrs softer than an infant's sighs
Ruffled the light air of our solitude!

O Earth, maternal Earth, and thou, O Heaven,
And night first-born, who now, e'en now dost waken
The host of stars, thy constellated train!
Tell me if those can ever be forgiven,
Those abject, who together have partaken
These Sacraments of Nature—and in vain?

Aubrey De Vere.

AFTER THE BALL.

AND now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,

Glorious as ere I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit.

Wordsworth.

THE WHISPER OF THE APENNINE.

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine;
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the caves below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

Shelley.

THANKSGIVING.

FOR the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Where mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains
I thank thee, O my God!

Lucy Larcom.

REAL AND IDEAL.

LOOKING athwart the valley's cleft,
Where nestles many a cosey farm
Beside the stream whose music low
For ever keeps its ancient charm,

For one I love, who, young and gay,
Full often wandered by its side,
Floating his wayward fancies down
To the great sea upon its tide,—

Looking through dreamy, half-shut eyes
Across to where the shining mist
Bathed all the woods and uplands dim
With purple and with amethyst,

I said, Why do we linger thus
Where all is sharp and bright and clear?
Seek we the pleasant land beyond,
And taste of its enchantments dear.

Agreed; and soon our faithful grays
Were plunging down the hill-side steep,
Where over lichen-crinkled walls
The tangled thickets nod and creep;

And past the spring that trickles down
Through ledges thick with brush and furze,
Where aspens show their silver pomp
And chestnuts drop their prickly burrs;

And o'er the little rattling bridge
That spans the pebbly, murmurous stream,
And on into the land that seemed
The mystic shadow of a dream.

And what to find? The smell of hay
New-mown, and gleam of mowers' scythes,
And purple milkweed hardly seen
For troops of golden butterflies;

And many a pleasant upland farm,
And many a sun-browned little maid,
And patient cattle half asleep
In many a maple's plenteous shade;

All this and more; but here nor there
One atom of the tender mist
That, from afar, had clothed the land
With purple and with amethyst.

But, looking backward to the hills
Which we had left an hour before,
Behold, the charm we came to seek
Was there! Down-folded softly o'er

Each dear familiar place it lay,—
The violet-tinted mystic haze;
And there had lain, hour after hour,
Through the long, sweet, mid-summer days;

While we, in all its splendor clad,
In Tyrian dyes right royally,
Had deemed that we must seek afar
Its perfect grace and mystery.

J. W. Chadwick.

SONG.

WE sail toward evening's lonely star,
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusky bar,
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow-smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west;
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed!

The soft breeze freshens; leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer.
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Lighthouses kindle far and near,
And through the warm deeps of the sky
Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea;

Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!
O realize the moment's charm,
Thou dearest! we are at life's best,
Folded in God's encircling arm,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

Celia Thaxter.

AGAIN?

OH, sweet and fair! Oh, rich and rare!
That day so long ago.
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow,
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore.
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing
Forever evermore.

Oh, fit and few! Oh, tried and true!
The friends who met that day.
Each one the other's spirit knew,
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore.
We said, "Such days shall come again
Forever evermore."

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast;
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past;

Like, but unlike,—the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like,—unlike,—evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred our harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said:
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh, never, never more!"

Anon.

SONG.

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:—
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain
Unravelled from the tumbling main
And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
So many times do I love again.

Thomas L. Beddoes.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Shelley.

THE WHITE BIRCH.

THOU art the go-between of rustic lovers;
Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

J. R. Lowell.

THE BROOK RHINE.

SMALL current of the wilds afar from men,
Changing and sudden as a baby's mood;
Now a green babbling rivulet in the wood,
Now loitering broad and shallow through the glen,
Or threading 'mid the naked shoals, and then
Brattling against the stones, half mist, half flood,
Between the mountains where the storm-clouds brood:
And each change but to wake or sleep again;
Pass on, young stream, the world has need of thee:
Far hence a mighty river on its breast
Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea;
Far hence wide waters feed the vines and corn;
Pass on, small stream, to so great purpose born,
On to the distant toil, the distant rest.

Augusta Webster.

THE RIVER'S END.

BUT the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; then for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,

A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
The long'd for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral sea.

Matthew Arnold.

UP IN THE WILD.

UP in a wild where no one comes to look
There lives and sings a little lonely brook:
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice caught,
It drinks the rains, as drinks the soul her thought;
And down dim hollows where it winds along,
Pours its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
That sigheth ceaselessly, Alone! alone!
And hear afar the Rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths toward the shining sea!

The voiceful Rivers, chanting to the sun,
And wearing names of honor, every one:
Outreaching wide, and joining hand with hand
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah! lonely brook! creep onward through the pines;
Press through the gloom to where the daylight shines!
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee!

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth ;
Hold thine own path, however-ward it tendeth ;
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the Rivers, by-and-by !

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

IF THOU ART WORN.

IF thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills !—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

H. W. Longfellow.

MONADNOCK FROM CHESTERFIELD.

THE merest bulge above the horizon's rim
Of purplish blue which you might think a cloud
Low-lying there,—that is Monadnock proud,
Full seventy miles away. But far and dim
Although it be, I still can without glass
Descry, as I were standing happy there
Upon the topmost ledges gray and bare,
Something which with the shadows will not pass,—
A vision that abides : a fair young girl
Lying her length ; her hair all disarrayed
By the bold mountain-wind ; her cheeks aglow ;
As if that rocky summit should unfurl
A rose of June ! And what if I had said,
" Thrice fair Monadnock with her lying so ! "

J. W. Chadwick.

SONG.

WAVES on the beach, and the wild sea-foam,
With a leap, and a dash, and a sudden cheer,
Where the sea-weed makes its bending home,
And the sea-birds swim on the crests so clear,
Wave after wave, they are curling o'er,
Where the white sand dazzles along the shore.

W. E. Channing.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

I.

O DWELLERS in the valley-land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,—
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop, singing, down the mountain-side:
Come up, and feel what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers : Oh, mount up,
  Before night comes, and says,— "Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
  The Master hungers while ye wait;
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
  The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
  To break your long captivity.

II.

LONE watcher on the mountain-height!
  It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
  Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
  Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
  With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office ; we have ours ;
  God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
  He counts with us for morning cheer;
Our day, for Him, is long enough,
  And, when He giveth work to do,
The bruisèd reed is amply tough
  To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
  Light's earlier messages to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire,—
  Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.

Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim,—
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
And following that is finding Him.

J. R. Lowell.

A MOUNTAIN STORM.

STORM in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—
Struck out the streaming mountain-side and show'd
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

Tennyson.

A STANZA FROM "THYRSIS."

WHERE is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoored our skiff, when through the Wytham flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,
And darting swallows, and light water-gnats,
We tracked the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.

Matthew Arnold.

ROWENA DARLING.

CHESTERFIELD HILL: WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

A HEAP of mortar, brick, and stone,
O'ergrown with shrubs, o'errun with vines,
That here was once a house and home,
How ill the careless sense divines,
Rowena Darling.

Not careless *his*, my friend's, who loves
To wander in familiar ways,
To talk of olden times, and—yes—
To celebrate your simple praise,
Rowena Darling.

Here, once upon a time, he tells,
There lived a girl unknown to fame;
The country side no sweeter knew;
It could not know a sweeter name,—
Rowena Darling!

Here where the birches' silver gleam
Shines where the hearth-fire used to blaze,
The hearth-stone still you can descry,
As smooth as in your loveliest days,
Rowena Darling.

Here whisks about the squirrel brown;
Here thrush or robin comes and sings;
But standing here I can but think
Of other days and sweeter things,
Rowena Darling.

Here baked the apples in a row;
Here cracked the chestnuts, ripe and sweet;

Here—ah, I seem to see them now—
You warmed your pretty buskined feet,
Rowena Darling.

And here, when burned the embers low,
And old folks long had been asleep,
Your heart stood still to hear a voice
That whispered—Oh! how warm and deep—
Rowena—Darling!

Alas, how many years have fled
Since hearth and heart were warm and bright,
And all the room and all the world
Glowed with your love's supreme delight,
Rowena Darling.

This rose-bush growing by the door,
Perhaps *you* planted long ago;
I pluck and kiss, for your dear sake,
Its fairest, be it so or no,
Rowena Darling!

J. W. Chadwick.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

WILL ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Oure the high minchmuir we'll up and awa',
This bonny simmer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm and ha'.

And what wad ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?

A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be;
Save some ould scrants o' birk
I' the hillside lirk,
There's nocht i' the world for man to see.

But the blythe lilt o' that air,
"The Bush aboon Traquair,"
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me;
Oure my cradle its sweet chime
Cam sughin' frae auld time,
Sae tide what may, I'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon
Thro' the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the vale o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four,
Wi' gray moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond luvers did convene,
Thae bonny, bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam ane hour to spen' on the greenwood swaird;
But lang ha'e lad an' lass
Been lying 'neth the grass
The green, green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare,
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun;
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' luvers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene;
But the blythe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
And the luve that ance was there, aye fresh and green.

J. C. Shairp.

TO MARGUERITE.

YES: in the sea of life enisl'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone.*
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows light
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing,
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour;

Oh then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;

For surely once, they feel we were
Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
O might our marges meet again!

Who order'd that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desire?—
A God, a God their severance rul'd;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

Matthew Arnold.

TO ITALY.

I FELT the wind soft from the land of souls;
The old miraculous mountains heaved in sight,
One straining past another along the shore,
The way of grand dull Odyssean ghosts,
Athirst to drink the cool blue wine of seas
And stare on voyagers. Peak pushing peak
They stood: I watched, beyond that Tyrian belt
Of intense sea betwixt them and the ship,
Down all their sides the misty olive woods
Dissolving in the weak congenial moon,
And still disclosing some brown convent-tower
That seems as if it grew from some brown rock.
Or many a little lighted village, dropt
Like a fallen star upon so high a point,
You wonder what can keep it in its place
From sliding headlong with the waterfalls
Which powder all the myrtle and orange groves
With spray of silver. Thus my Italy

Was stealing on us. Genoa broke with day,
The Doria's long pale palace striking out
From green hills in advance of the white town,
A marble finger dominant to ships,
Seen glimmering through the uncertain gray of dawn.

Mrs. Browning.

AN EVENING RIDE.

From Glashütte to Mügeln, in Saxony.

WE ride and ride. High on the hills
The fir-trees stretch into the sky;
The birches which the deep calm stills
Quiver again as we speed by.

Beside the road a shallow stream
Goes leaping o'er its rocky bed:
Here lie the corn-fields, with a gleam
Of daisies white and poppies red.

A faint star trembles in the west;
A fire-fly sparkles, fluttering bright
Against the mountain's sombre breast;
And yonder shines a village light.

Oh! could I creep into thine arms,
Beloved! and upon thy face
Read the arrest of dire alarms
That press me close; from thy embrace

View the sweet earth as on we ride.
Alas! how vain our longings are!
Already night is spreading wide
Her sable wing, and thou art far.

Owen Linsley.

THE SEA-GULL.

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings,
Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
The bar that thunders, the shale that rings,—
Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new,
Storms and wrecks are old things to thee;
Sick am I of these changes, too;
Little to care for, little to rue,—
I on the shore and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
Bring thee at last to shore and me;
All of my journeyings end them here,
This our tether must be our cheer,—
I on the shore and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
Something in common, old friend, have we;
Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,
I to the waters look for rest,—
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Bret Harte.

THE CREED OF LIFE.

CANONS and rubrics own I none,
Save one upon the granite writ:
"I, Lord of Lords, have fashioned it,
And graved it with my rains and sun."

One creed, all other creeds above
I take into my soul like fire,
Till, flashing through me with desire,
The world is molten in my prayer.

It is my beating heart! I turn,
I face the streams, I brave the hills:
With the same word the bird's breast fills;
With the same God the bushes burn.

John Tunis.

AMONG THE FIR-TREES.

ON the bare hill-top, by the pinewood's edge,
how joyously rang the noise
Of the mountain wind in the topmost boughs! a
spell there was in its voice.
It drew me to leave the goodly sight of the plain
sweeping far away,
And enter the solemnly shaded depths to hear what
the trees would say.

But no sooner I trod the russet floor than hushed
were the magic tones:
No stir but the flight of a startled bird, no sound but
my foot on the cones.
All silently rose the stately shafts, kirtled with lich-
ens gray,
And the sunlight-flakes on their reddening tops were
as still and unmoved as they.

Was it joy or dread that pressed my heart? I felt
as one who must hear
Some long-kept secret, and knows not as yet if it
bring him hope or fear;
I stood as still as the solemn firs, and hearkened
with waiting mind;
Then I heard far away in the topmost boughs the
eternal sough of the wind.

And the thrill of that mystic murmur so entered my
listening heart,
That the very soul of the forest trees became with
my soul a part;
I seemed to be raised and borne aloft in that ever-
ascending strain,
With a throb too solemn and deep for joy, too per-
fect and pure for pain.

Many voices there are in Nature's choir, and none
but were good to hear
Had we mastered the laws of their music well, and
could read their meaning clear;
But we who can feel at Nature's touch cannot think
as yet with her thought,
And I only know that the sough of the firs with a
spell of its own is fraught.

For the wind when it howls in the chimneys at night
hath a heavy and dreary sound
Of the dull everlasting treadmill of life, which goes
so wearily round;

And the choirs of waves on the long-drawn sands,
too well I hear in their strain
The throb of our human anguish deep, where triumph wrestles with pain.

But neither passion nor sorrow I hear in this rhythmic steady course,
Only the movement resistless and strong of some all-pervading Force;
The one universal Life which moves the whole of the outward plan,
Which throbs in winds, and waters, and flowers, in insect, and bird, and man.

Oh, would that the unknown finer touch which makes us other than those
Did not hold us so far asunder in soul from their harmony and repose!
The self-same fountain doth life and growth to us and to them impart,
But only at moments we taste and know the peace which is Nature's heart.

And yet it may be that long, long hence, when æons of effort have pass'd,
We shall come—not blindly impelled, but free—to the orbit of order at last,
And a finer peace shall be wrought out of pain than the stars in their courses know!—
Ah me! but my soul is in sorrow till then, and the feet of the years are slow!

Fraser's Magazine.

A SEA DREAM.

THE waves are glad in breeze and sun :
The rocks are fringed with foam ;
I walk once more a haunted shore,
A stranger, yet at home,—
A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea wind
That stirred thy locks of brown ?
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew
The trail of thy light gown,
Where boy and girl sat down ?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,
The boats that rocked below ;
And, out at sea, the passing sails
We saw so long ago
Rose red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time
On every breeze is blown ;
As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—
The change is ours alone ;
The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,
Is he who bears my name ;
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
Immortal youth became,
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,
Thy place I cannot see ;

I only know that where thou art
The blessed angels be,
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years
Have left on me their sign;
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,
The many stains of mine
In tears of love divine!

I could not look on thee and live,
If thou wert by my side;
The vision of a shining one,
The white and heavenly bride,
Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face
Without the angel's crown,
The wedded roses of thy lips,
Thy loose hair rippling down
In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space and time,
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's frescoed wall.
A shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, forever dear!
Where'er I rest or roam,
Or in the city's crowded streets,
Or by the blown sea-foam,
The thought of thee is home!

J. G. Whittier.

FROM "EACH AND ALL."

THE delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

Emerson.

AMONG THE ROCKS.

OH, good, gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

R. Browning.

THE EAGLE.

HE clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Tennyson.

TO THE WEST WIND.

MAKE me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My Spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Shelley.

TRAVELLER'S SONG.

FROM the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song:
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight and brings good heed;
And thy striving be't with Loving,
And thy living, be't in Deed!

Keep not standing, fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam:

Head and hand where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart, are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit
We are gay, whate'er betide:
To give room for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide.

Goethe: Carlyle's Translation.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay,
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day,
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged!

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides,—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,—
One purpose hold, where'er they fare ;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there !

A. H. Clough.

NEW VOICES.

NEW voices come to me where'er I roam ;
My heart, too, widens with its widening home:
The former songs seem little ; yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore,
Tell what the earth is saying unto me :
The secret is too great.

George Eliot.

THE BURIED LIFE.

ONLY—but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a lov'd voice caress'd,—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again :
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,

And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know,
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth forever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose,
And the Sea where it goes.

Matthew Arnold.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
Dissolved in glory, float;
And midway of the radiant flood
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well;
And which is earth, and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour,
  Soft passing, shall descend,
May glory born of earth and heaven
  The earth and heavens blend;

Flooded with peace the spirit float,
  With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends, and heaven begins,
  The soul shall scarcely know!

Samuel Longfellow.

FROM "ULYSSES."

DEATH closes all; but something ere the end,
  Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and, though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are we are,—

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Tennyson.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below ;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale ;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow.
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering line ;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires !
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine !

O. W. Holmes.

FROM "TERMINUS."

AS the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime :
" Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Emerson.

"LIKE MOUNTAIN-RANGES OVERPAST."

ENOUGH that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;—

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.

TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME!

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three.

. . . . . .

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

B. W. Procter.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

UEBER allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde:
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Goethe.

TRANSLATION.

O'ER all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou, too, shalt rest.

Longfellow.

OUTWARD BOUND.

OUT upon the unknown deep,
Where the unheard oceans sound,
Where the unseen islands sleep,—
Outward bound.
Following towards the silent west
O'er the horizon's curvèd rim,
On to islands of the blest,—
He with me, and I with him,
Outward bound.

Nothing but a speck we seem
In the waste of waters round,
Floating, floating like a dream,
Outward bound.
But within that tiny speck
Two brave hearts with one accord,
Past all tumult, pain, and wreck,
Look up calm, and praise the Lord,
Outward Bound.

Mrs. D. M. Craik.

HOPE'S CHILD.

I AM not earth-born, though I here delay:
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours.
I laugh; for hope hath happy place for me:
If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea!

W. E. Channing.

JUBILATE.

GRAY distance hid each shining sail,
By ruthless breezes borne from me;
And lessening, fading, faint, and pale,
My ships went forth to sea.

Where misty breakers rose and fell
I stood and sorrowed hopelessly;
For every wave had tales to tell
Of wrecks far out at sea.

To-day a song is on my lips;
Earth seems a paradise to me:
For God is good, and, lo, my ships
Are coming home from sea!

George Arnold.

THAT CANNOT FADE.

I WILL have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields;
I will have quiet thoughts, instead
Of silent, dewy fields;
My Spirit and my God shall be
My seaward Hill, my boundless Sea.

E. B. Browning.

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